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THE WICKED WORLD.

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THE WICKED WORLD.

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In Three Acts,

BY

Sir W. S. GILBERT,

AUTHOR OF "CHARITY," "PYGMALION AND GALATEA," "THE PRINCESS," "THE PALACE OF TRUTH," "TRIAL BY JURY," &c., &c.

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NEW YORK:
HAPPY HOURS COMPANY,
No. 1 CHAMBERS STREET.

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THE WICKED WORLD.

—o—

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Haymarket Theatre, London.

FAIRIES.

ETHAIS	Mr. Kendal.
PHYLLON	" Arnott.
LUTIN, *(A Serving Fairy.)*	" Buckstone.
SELENE, *(A Fairy Queen.)*	Miss Madge Robertson.
DARINE	" Amy Roselle.
ZAYDA	" M. Litton.
LEILA	" Harrison.
NEODIE	" Henri.
LOCRINE	" Francis.

MORTALS.

SIR ETHAIS	Mr. Kendal.
SIR PHYLLON	" Arnott.
LUTIN, (SIR ETHAIS' *Henchman.)*	" Buckstone.

SCENE.—*In Fairy Land.*

*** *The action is comprised within the space of twenty-four hours.*

COSTUMES.

FAIRIES.

ETHAIS.—White Roman toga, trimmed with yellow and silver.
PHYLLON.—Roman toga, light brown and gold.
LUTIN.—Roman toga, grotesque.
SELENE.—Long white cashmere robe, embroidered with silver, drawn in at waist with silver cord and tassels; jewelled crown.

GIFT
EST. OF J. H. CORNING
JUNE 20. 1940

DARINE.—Salmon colored cashmere robe, embroidered with gold, with peplon of same material.
ZAYDA.—Pale green cashmere robe, embroidered with silver.
LEILA.—Blue cashmere robe, embroidered with silver.
NEODIE.—Pink cashmere robe, embroidered with silver.
LOCRINE.—Yellow cashmere robe, embroidered with silver.

MORTALS.

SIR ETHAIS.—Light blue short Roman shirt; lambrequins; sandals; silver helmet and breastplate, with tiger's skin on shoulders.
SIR PHYLLON.—Same as SIR ETHAIS; colors, scarlet and gold.
LUTIN.—Same style of costume made grotesque.

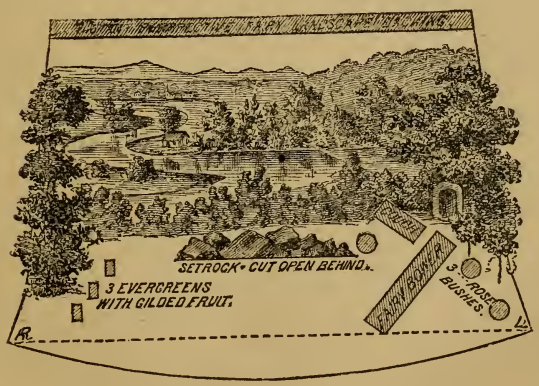
*** All the female costumes should be made of light and bright materials.

PROPERTIES.

Flowers of all descriptions for the profuse decoration of a Fairy set scene. Rose bank or couch, L. Decorated bower or arbor of roses, &c., L. Three Evergreens with gilded fruit R. Birds of Paradise, &c. Garlands of flowers, &c. Three rose bushes L., with roses affixed to pluck. Scarf for ETHAIS. Signet ring for SELENE. Mantle to cover ETHAIS. Two small phials for LUTIN. Swords for ETHAIS and PHYLLON.

SCENERY.

ACT I.



A Set Scene—Fairy Land. Sunrise. A beautiful, but fanciful perspective landscape backing painted on the cloth. Working gauze and opaque clouds suspended with copper wire, and arranged so that they can be gently swayed to and fro. Mediæval city R., a small portion built, the rest painted with a distant river meandering its silver stream throughout. A set rock, C., with Fairy flowers and fruit overhanging its edges. Cut open behind between the rock and clouds, with steps to mount by from the cellar. Fairy trees R. and L., in front of C. rock piece. Set Fairy bower L.

Act II.—Same as Act I. Sunset.

Act III.—Same as Acts I. and II. Moonlight.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L., means first entrance left. R., first entrance right. S.E.L., second entrance left. S.E.R., second entrance right. U.E.L., upper entrance left. U.E.R., upper entrance right. T.E.L., third entrance left. T.E.R., third entrance right. C., centre. L.C., left of centre. R.C., right of centre. C.L., centre towards left. C.R., centre towards right. D.F., door in flat. L.F., left of flat. R.F., right of flat. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

PROLOGUE.

The Author begs you'll kind attention pay
While I explain the object of his play.
You have been taught, no doubt, by those professing
To understand the thing, that Love's a blessing;
Well, *he* intends to teach you the reverse—
That Love is not a blessing, but a curse!
But pray do not suppose it's his intent
To do without this vital element—
His drama *would* be in a pretty mess!
With quite as fair a prospect of success,
Might a dispensing chemist in his den
Endeavor to dispense with oxygen.
Too powerful an agent to pooh-pooh,
There will be Love enough I warrant you:
But as the aim of every play's to show
That Love's essential to all men below,
He uses it to prove, to all who doubt it,
How well all men—but he—can do without it.
To prove his case (a poor one, I admit),
He begs that with him you will kindly flit

To a pure fairy-land that's all is own,
Where mortal love is utterly unknown.
Whose beings, spotless as new-fallen snow,
Know nothing of the Wicked World below.
These gentle sons and daughters of the air,
Safe, in their eyrie, from temptation's snare,
Have yet one little fault I must confess—
An overweening sense of righteousness.
As perfect silence, undisturbed for years,
Will breed at length a humming in the ears,
So from their very purity within
Arise the promptings of their only sin.
Forgive them! No? Perhaps you will relent,
When you appreciate their punishment!

But prithee be not led too far away,
By the hack author of a mere stage-play:
It's easy to affect this cynic tone,
But, let me ask you, had the world ne'er known
Such Love as you, and I, and he, must mean—
Pray where would you, or I, or he, have been?

THE WICKED WORLD.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Fairy Land. Sunrise. A beautiful, but fanciful perspective landscape,* U.E.R., *which is supposed to lie on the upper side of a cloud. The cloud* L. *is suspended over the earth* R.C., *a portion of which (representing "a bird's-eye view" of a mediœval city), is seen, far below, through a rent or gap in the clouds. Fairy bower* S.E.L. *Fairy seat* C. *Rose bushes, shrubs, flowers, garlands, &c.*

As the curtain rises ZAYDA *is discovered standing in a thoughtful attitude, looking* R., *contemplating the world at her feet.*

Enter DARINE, L.

Dar. *(Going to* ZAYDA, *touching her on the shoulder.)* My sister,
Zayda, thou art deep in thought,
What quaint conjecture fills thy busy brain? *(They come down.*
Zay. (R.) Oh! sister, it's my old and favorite theme—
That wonderful and very wicked world
That rolls in silent cycles at our feet!
Dar. (L.) In truth a fruitful source of wonderment!
Zay. Fruitful indeed—a harvest without end!
The world—the wicked world! the wondrous world!
I love to sit alone and gaze on it,
And let my fancy wander through its towns,
Float on its seas and rivers—interchange

Communion with its strange inhabitants:
People its cities with fantastic shapes,
Fierce, wild, barbaric forms—all head and tail,
With monstrous horns, and blear end bloodshot eyes,
As all should have who deal in wickedness!

Enter PHYLLON, R.

Oh, Phyllon! picture to thyself a town
Peopled with men and women! At each turn,
Men—wicked men—then, farther on, more men,
Then women—then again more men—more men—
Men, women, everywhere—all ripe for crime,
All ghastly in the lurid light of sin!

Enter SELENE, R., *through back opening in clouds; she remains behind contemplating the characters.*

Phyl. In truth, dear sister, if man's face and form
Were a true index to his character,
He were a hideous thing to look upon;
But man, alas! is formed as we are formed.
False from the first, he comes into the world
Bearing a smiling lie upon his face,
That he may cheat ere he can use his tongue.
Zay. Oh! I have heard these things, but heed them not.
I like to picture him as he should be,
Unsightly and unclean. I like to pair
Misshapen bodies with misshapen minds.
Sel. *(Advancing* C.*)* Dost thou not know that every soul on earth
Hath in our ranks his outward counterpart?
Dar. His outward counterpart!
Sel. *(Pointing to the city,* R.*)* 'Tis even so
Yes, on that world—that very wicked world—
Thou—I—and all who dwell in fairy-land,
May find a parallel identity:
A perfect counterpart in outward form;
So perfect that, if it were possible
To place us by these earthly counterparts,
No man on earth, no fairy in the clouds,
Could tell which was the fairy—which the man!
Zay. (R.C.) Is there *no* shade of difference?
Phyl. (R.) Yes, one;
For we are absolutely free from sin,
While all our representatives on earth
Are stained with every kind of infamy.
Dar. Are *all* our counterparts so steeped in sin?
Phyl. All, in a greater or a less degree.

Zay. What, even mine?
Phyl. Alas!
Zay. Oh, no—not mine!
Phyl. All men and women sin.
Dar. (L., *to* SELENE.) I wonder what
My counterpart is doing now?
Sel. *(Warningly.)* Don't ask.
No doubt, some fearful sin!
Dar. And what *are* sins?
Sel. Evils of which we hardly know the names.
There's vanity—a quaint, fantastic vice,
Whereby a mortal takes much credit for
The beauty of his face and form, and claims
As much applause for loveliness as though
He had designed himself! *(All laugh.)* Then jealousy—
A universal passion—one that claims
An absolute monopoly of love.
Based on the reasonable principle
That no one merits other people's love
So much as—every soul on earth by turns!
Envy—that grieves at other men's success,
As though success, however placed, were not
A contribution to one common fund! *(All approve by action.*
Ambition, too, the vice of clever men
Who seek to rise at others cost; nor heed
Whose wings they cripple, so that they may soar,
Malice—the helpless vice of helpless fools,
Who, as they cannot rise, hold others down,
That they, by contrast, may appear to soar.
Hatred and avarice, untruthfulness,
Murder and rapine, theft, profanity—
Sins so incredible, so mean, so vast,
Our nature stands appalled when it attempts
To grasp their terrible significance. *All applaud.*
Such are the vices of that wicked world! *(Cross to* L.C.; *back to* C.
(ZAYDA *with* DARINE *gets* L.

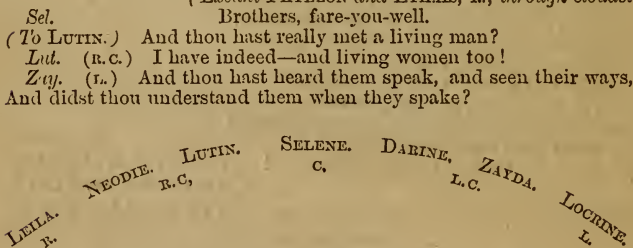
Enter ETHAIS, LOCRINE, NEODIE, LEILÀ, *and other Fairies, from* R., *through cloud opening.*

Eth. My brothers, sisters, Lutin has returned,
After a long delay, from yonder earth;
The first of all our race who has set foot
Upon that wicked world. See! he is here!

Enter LUTIN, R.

Sel. (L.C.) Good welcome, Lutin, back to fairy-land!
So thou hast been to earth?
Lut. (R.C.) I have indeed!

Sel. What hast thou seen there?
Lut. Better not inquire.
It is a very, very wicked world!
I went, obedient to our King's command,
To meet him in mid-earth. He bade me go
And send both Ethais and Phyllon there.
Eth. (C.) Down to mid-earth?
Lut. Down to mid-earth at once
He hath some gift, some priceless privilege
With which he would endow our fairy world;
And he hath chosen Phyllon and thyself
To bear his bounty to this home of ours.
Zay. (L.) Another boon? Why, brother Ethais,
What can our monarch give that we have not?
Eth. In truth, I cannot say—'twould seem that we
Had reached the sum of fairy happiness!
Sel. But then we thought the same, before our King
Endowed us with the gift of melody;
And now, how tame our fairy life would seem
Were melody to perish from our land!
Phyl. Well said, Selene. *(Cross to* C.*,)* Come, then, let's away,
(Linking his arm with ETHAIS *and going up* R.C.
And on our journey through the outer world
We will take note of its inhabitants,
And bring you fair account of all we see.
Farewell, dear sisters!
(Exeunt PHYLLON *and* ETHAIS, R., *through clouds.*
Sel. Brothers, fare-you-well.
(To LUTIN.*)* And thou hast really met a living man?
Lut. (R.C.) I have indeed—and living women too!
Zay. (L.) And thou hast heard them speak, and seen their ways,
And didst thou understand them when they spake?



Lut. I understand that what I understood
No fairy being ought to understand. *(Fairies crowd forward, O-h!*
I see that almost everything I saw
Is utterly improper to be seen. *(Fairies O-h!*
Don't ask for details—*(all the fairies crowd anxiously around)*—I've returned to you

With outraged senses and with shattered nerves,
I burn with blushes of indignant shame,
Read my experiences in my face, *(Fairies stare at him.*
(He turns away.) My tongue shall wither ere it tell the tale.
(Sighs.) It is a very, very wicked world!

Dar. But surely man can summon death at will;
Why should he live when he at will can die?

Lut. Why, that's the most inexplicable thing.
I've seen upon that inconsistent globe—
With swords and daggers hanging at their sides,
With drowning seas and rivers at their feet,
With deadly poison in their very grasp,
And every implement of death at hand— *(Going up.*
Men live—and live—and seem to like to live!
(Disappears through opening at back.

Dar. How strangely inconsistent!

Sel. Not all all
With all their misery, with all their sin,
With all the elements of wretchedness
That teem on that unholy world of theirs,
They have one great and ever glorious gift,
That compensates for all they have to bear—
The gift of Love! *(Fairies astonished.)* Not as *we* use the word,
To signify mere tranquil brotherhood;
But in some sense that is unknown to us.
Their love bears like relation to our own,
That the fierce beauty of the noonday sun
Bears to the calm of a soft summer's eve.
It nerves the wearied mortal with hot life,
And bathes his soul in hazy happiness.
The richest man is poor who hath it not,
And he who hath it laughs at poverty.
It hath no conqueror. When death himself
Has worked his very worst, this love of theirs
Lives still upon the loved one's memory.
It is a strange enchantment, which invests
The most unlovely things with loveliness.
The maiden, fascinated by this spell,
Sees everything as she would have it be:
Her squalid cot becomes a princely home;
Its stunted shrubs are groves of stately elms;
The weedy brook that trickles past her door
Is a broad river fringed with drooping trees;
And of all marvels the most marvelous,
The coarse unholy man who rules her love
Is a bright being—pure as we are pure;
Wise in his folly—blameless in his sin;

The incarnation of a perfect soul ; .....
A great and ever glorious demi-god
Dar. *(Surprised.)* Why, what have we in all our fairy-land
To bear comparison with such a gift?
Zay. Oh! for one hour of such a love as that ;
O'er all things paramount! Why, after all,
That wicked world is the true fairy land!
Loc. Why, who can wonder that poor erring man
Clings to the world, all poisoned though it be,
When on it grows this glorious antidote?
Zay. *(To* SELENE.*)* And may *we* never love as *mortals* love?
(Fairies look enquiringly.
Sel. No ; that can never be. *(All appear despondent.)* Of earthly things
This love of theirs ranks as the earthiest.
'Tis necessary to *man's* mode of life ;
He could not bear his load of misery
But for the sweet enchantment at his heart
That tells him that he bears no load at all.
We do not need it in our perfect land.
Moreover, there's this gulf 'twixt it and us :
Only a mortal can inspire such love ;
And mortal foot can never touch our land.
Zay. But—is that so?
Sel. *(Surprised.)* Of course.
Zay. Yet I have heard
That we've a half-forgotten law which says,
That when a fairy quits his fairy home
To visit earth, those whom he leaves behind
May summon from the wicked world below
That absent fairy's mortal counterpart ;
And that that mortal counterpart may stay
In fairy-land and fill the fairy's place
Till he return. Is there not some such law?
Sel. And if there be, wouldst put that law in force? *(Horrified.*
Zay. No ; not for all the love of all the world! *Equally horrified.*
Sel. A man in fairy-land! Most horrible! *(Fairies Ugh!*
He would exhale the poison of his soul,
And we should even be as mortals are,
Hating as man hates!
Dar. *(Enthusiastically.)* Loving as man loves!
(SELENE *looks reproachfully.*
Too horrible!—Still— *(As if in thought.*
Sel. *(Enquiringly.)* Well!
Dar. I see a trace
Of wisdom lurking in this ancient law.
Sel. Where lurks this wisdom, then? *I* see it not.
Dar. *(With emphasis.)* Man is a shameless being, steeped in sins

At which our stainless nature stands appalled ;
Yet, sister, if we took this loathsome soul
From yonder seething gulf of infamy—
E'en but for one short day—and let him see
The beauty of our pure, unspotted lives,
He might return to his unhappy world,
And trumpet forth the strange intelligence :
"Those men alone are happy who are good."
Then would the world immediately repent,
And sin and wickedness be known no more !

Loc. Association with so foul a thing
As man must needs be unendurable
To souls as pure and sinless as our own :
Yet, sister dear, it has occurred to me,
That his foul deeds, perchance, proceed from this—
That we have kept ourselves too much aloof,
And left him to his blind and wayward will.

Zay. Man is everything detestable—
Base in his nature, base in thought and deed,
Loathsome beyond all things that creep and crawl !
(Fairies gesticulate disapprovingly.
Still, sister, I must own I've sometimes thought
That we who shape the fortunes of mankind,
And grant such wishes as are free from harm,
Might possibly fulfill our generous task
With surer satisfation to himself
Had we some notion what these wishes were !

Neo. We give him everything but good advice,
And that which most he needs do we withhold.

Dar. Oh ! terrible, dear sister, to reflect,
That to *our* cold and culpable neglect,
The folly of the world is chargeable !

Sel. To *our* neglect?

Zay. It may in truth be so.

Lei. In very truth I'm sure that it is so.

Sel. Oh ! horrible ! It shall be so no more.
A light breaks over me ! Their sin *is* ours !
But there—'tis easy still to make amends.
A mortal *shall* behold our blameless state,
And learn the beauties of a sinless life !
Come, let us summon mortal Ethais.

Dar. But—

Sel. Not a word—I am resolved to this.

Neo. But sister—

Sel. Well?

Neo. *(Timidly.)* Why summon only one?

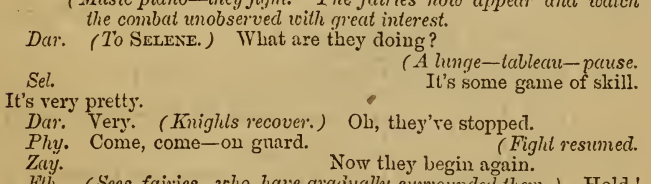
Sel. Why summon more?

Neo. The world's incredulous ;

Let *two* be brought into our blameless land,
Then should their wondrous story be received
With ridicule or incredulity,
One could corroborate the other.
Dar. Yes—
Phyllon has gone with Ethais. Let us call
The mortal counterpart of Phyllon too—
Sel. Two mortals—two unhappy men of sin
In this untainted spot! *(All the Fairies O-h!*
Leo. Well, sister dear,
Two Heralds of the Truth will spread that Truth
At the least twice as rapidly as one. *(Fairies A-h!*
Sel. Two miserable men! Why, *one* alone
Will bring enough pollution in his wake,
To taint our happy land from end to end!
Zay. Then, sister, two won't make the matter worse!
(All approve in action.
Sel. There's truth in that. *(After a pause.)* The two *shall* come to us.
We have deserved this fearful punishment;
Our power, I think, is limited to two?
Lei. *(Sighs.)* Unfortunately.
Sel. Yes—more might be done
Had each of us a pupil to herself. *(Fairies (approvingly) U-m!*
Now then to summon them. *(Goes up a little, stops, turns, comes back.)* But, sisters all,
Show no repugnance to these wretched men;
Remember that, all odious though they be,
They are our guests; in common courtesy
Subdue your natural antipathies;
Be very gentle with them, bear with them,
Be kind, forbearing, tender, pitiful.
Receive them with that gentle sister love,
That forms the essence of our fairyhood;
Let no side-thought of their unholy lives
Intrude itself upon your charity;
Treat them as though they were what they will be
When they have seen how we shall be to them.
What is the form?
Dar. Two roses newly plucked
Should each in turn be cast upon the earth;
Then, as each rose is thrown, pronounce the name
Of him whose mortal se i typifies.
Here *are* two roses plucked from yonder tree.
Sel. *(Taking them.)* Well then, fair rose, I name thee Ethais!—
Go, send thy morta namesake to our cloud; *(Throws rose to earth.*
'Tis done; conceal yourselves till they appear!

The fairies conceal themselves R. *and* L.; *hurried music, to which enter* SIR ETHAIS *and* SIR PHYLLON, *hurriedly, over the edge of cloud, as if impelled by some invisible and irresistible power from below.* SIR ETHAIS *and* SIR PHYLLON *have their swords drawn. They are dressed as barbaric knights, and, while bearing a facial resemblance to their fairy counterparts, present as strong a contrast as possible in their costume and demeanor.*

Sir Eth. (R.C.) Why, help, help, help!
Sir Phy. (L.C.) The devil seize us all!
Why, what strange land is this? *(Looks round.)* How came we here?
Sir Eth. How came we here? Why, who can answer that
So well as thou?
Sir Phy. As I?
Sir Eth. Yes, cur; as thou!
This is some devil's game of thy design,
To scare me from the task I set myself
When we crossed swords.
Sir Phy. I use no sorcery.
A whirlwind bore me to this cursed spot;
But whence it came I neither know nor care.
Sir Eth. There—gag thy lying tongue; it matters not,
Or here or there we'll fight our quarrel out.
Come call thy devils; let them wait at hand
And when I've done with thee I'll do with them.
(Music piano—they fight. The fairies now appear and watch the combat unobserved with great interest.
Dar. *(To* SELENE.*)* What are they doing?
(A lunge—tableau—pause.
Sel. It's some game of skill.
It's very pretty.
Dar. Very. *(Knights recover.)* Oh, they've stopped.
Phy. Come, come—on guard. *(Fight resumed.*
Zay. Now they begin again.
Eth. *(Sees fairies, who have gradually surrounded them.)* Hold! we are overlooked.
(ETHAIS. *who has turned for a moment in saying this, is severely wounded by* PHYLLON.



Sel. You may proceed.
We like it much. *(Goes up a little.*
Dar. *(To* PHY.*)* You do it very well—
Begin again.
Eth. Black curses on that thrust!
I am disabled. Ladies, bind my wound;
And if it please you still to see us fight,
We'll fight for those bright eyes and cherry lips
Till one or both of us shall bite the dust.
Phy. Hold! call a truce till we return to earth—
Here are bright eyes enough for both of us.
Eth. I don't know that! Well, there—till we return.
(Shaking hands.
But once again on earth, we will take up
Our argument where it was broken off,
And let thy devils whirl me where they may,
I'll reach conclusion and corollary. (SELENE *comes back* C.
Dar. *(Looking at* PHYLLON.*)* Oh, fairyhood!
(Starts.) How wonderfully like our Phyllon!
Sel. *(Looking at* ETHAIS.*)* Yes.
And see—*(starts)*—how strangely like our Ethais.
Thou hast a gallant carriage, gentle knight. *(Sighing.*
Zay. How very, very like our Ethais.
Eth. It's little wonder that I'm like myself;
Why, I *am* he.
Sel. No, not *our* Ethais. *(Sighing.*
Eth. In truth, I am the Ethais of all
Who are as gentle and as fair as thou.
Sel. That's bravely said; thou hast a silver tongue;
Why! what can gods be like if these be men.
(During this dialogue, DARINE *shows by her manner that she takes great interest in* ETHAIS.
Say, dost thou come from earth or heaven?
Eth. *(Gallantly putting his arm round* SELENE *and* DARINE.*)* I think I've come from earth to heaven.
Sel. *(To* DARINE *with delight, who reciprocates the feeling.)* Oh! didst thou hear?
He comes from earth to heaven! No, Ethais,
We are but fairies—this, our native home.
Our fairy-land rests on a cloud which floats
Hither and thither, as the breezes will;
At times a mighty city's at our feet,
At times a golden plain, and then the sea,
Dotted with ships and rocks and sunny isles.
We see the world; (yet saving that it is
A very wicked world, we know it not)—
We hold no converse with its denizens;

But on the lands o'er which our island hangs,
We shed fair gifts of plenty and of peace—
Health—contentment—charity—goodwill;
Drop tears of love upon the thirsty earth,
And shower fair waters on the growing grain.
This is our mission.

(LEILA, NEODIE, DARINE *and* LOCRINE *retire* R. *and* L. *and converse apart.*

Eth. *(Enraptured.)* 'Tis a goodly one!
I'd give my sword—ay, and my sword-arm too,
If thou wouldst anchor for a year or so
O'er yonder home of mine. *(Points below to city* R.*)* But tell me, now,
Does every cloud that hovers o'er our heads
Bear in its bosom such a wealth of love?

Sel. Alas! Sir Ethais, we are too few
To work the good that we could wish to work.
Thou hast seen black and angry thunder-clouds
That spit their evil fire at flocks and herds,
And shake with burly laughter as they watch
The trembling shepherds count their shriveled dead?
These are *our* enemies, sir knight, and thine.
They sow the seeds of pestilence and death— *(With uplifted hands.*
May heaven preserve thee from their influence!

Eth. Amen to that!

Phy. But tell me, gentle maid,
Why have you summoned us?

Sel. *(Smilingly.)* Because we seek
To teach you truths that now ye wot not of;
Because we know that you are very frail,
Poor, blind, weak, wayward mortals—willing reeds,
Swayed right and left by every tempting wind;
And we are pure, and very, very brave,
Having no taste for trivial solaces *(Taking* ETHAIS' *hand.*
Scorning such idle joys as we have heard
Appeal most strongly to such men as you;
And we have cherished earnest hope that we,
By the example of our sacred lives,
May teach you to abjure such empty joys,
May send you back to earth, pure, childlike men,
To teach your mothers, sisters, and your wives,
And those perchance *(Sighing)* who are to be your wives!
That there are fairy maidens in the clouds,
Whose gentle mode of thought and mode of life
They would do well to imitate. *(Sighs.)* We would
That every maid on earth were such as we!
(Placing her arms round his neck.

Eth. In truth we would that every maiden were,—
(Aside.) Except our mothers, sisters, and our wives!
Sel. If you will be our pupils, you must give
Some token of submission to our will,
No doubt you have some form of fealty?
Eth. When man desires to show profound respect—
To indicate most forcibly his own
Inferiority, he always puts
His arm round the respected object's waist,
And drawing her (or him) towards him, thus,
Places a very long and tender kiss
On his (or her) face—as the case may be.
Sel. That form is not in vogue in fairy land;
Still, as it holds on earth, no doubt 'twill have
Far greater weight with you poor sons of earth,
Than any formula *we* could impose.
Phy. Its weight is overpowering. *(About to kiss* Zayda.
Sel. *(Stopping* Phyllon.*)* But stay!
We would not *wrest* this homage from you, sir; .....
Or give it willingly, or not at all. .....
Eth. Most willingly, fair maid, we give it you. .....
Sel. Good! Then proceed.
(Ethais *kisses* Selene, *and* Phyllon *kisses* Zayda; *fairies at back,* R. *and* L., *O-h! Placing their hands before their faces.*
Eth. There! does it not convey
A pleasant sense of influence?
Sel. It does.
Some earthly forms seem rational enough. (Ethais *staggers.*
Why Ethais, what ails thee?
Eth. Why, I'm faint
From loss of blood. My wound—here, take this scarf,
(Fairies *come down as before.*
And bind it round my arm—so—have a care!
There, that will do till I return to earth;
(Selene *binds* Ethais' *arm with his scarf.*
Then, Lutin, who's a fairly skillful leech,
Shall doctor it.
Sel. *(Amazed.)* Didst thou say Lutin?
Eth. Yes,
He is my squire—a poor, half-witted churl,

Re-enter Lutin, *unobserved.*

Who shudders at the rustling of a leaf;
(Lutin *comes down* L. *of* Ethais.
A strange, odd, faithful, loving, timid knave;
More dog than man, and, like a well-thrashed hound,
He loves his master's voice, and dreads it, too.
Why, here he is! *(In intense astonishment.*

Lut. Who is this insolent?—
A mortal here in fairy land?
Loc. Yes, two!
Lut. Oh, this is outrage!
Eth. Why, thou scurvy knave,
How cam'st thou here? Thou didst not come with us!
What is the meaning of this masquerade? *(Alluding to* LUTIN'S *dress.*
Be off at once; *(pointing off to the world* R.*)* if I could use my arm,
I'd whip thee for this freak, but as it is
I'll hand thee over to that wife of thine,
Her hand is heavier than mine. *(To* SEL.*)* This churl
(So rumor saith) is mated to a shrew;
A handsome, ranting, jealous, clacking shrew;
And he, by means of this tom-fool disguise,
Has 'scaped his home to play the truant here;
Lut. *(Surprised, appealing to the Fairies.)* Who are these men?
Sel. The mortal counterparts
Of Ethais and Phyllon. Look at them! *(Crosses to* LUTIN.
Dost thou not love them? *(Pointing to them* R.
Lut. *(Indignantly,* L.C.*)* No!
Sel. *(Looks to Fairies.)* How very strange!
Why, we all loved them from the very first.
Lut. *(To* DARINE *and other Fairies.)* Is this indeed the truth?
Dar. It is indeed.
Obedient to our queen's command, we have
Subdued our natural antipathies.
Zay. They are our guests, all odious though they be,
(Takes PHYLLON'S *hand.*
And we must bid them welcome to our home,
As if e'en now they were what they will be
When they have seen what we shall be to them. *(Kissing his hand.*
Lut. Be warned in time, and send these mortals hence;
Why, don't you see that in each word they speak,
They breathe of love?
Sel. *(Enthusiastically.)* They do!
Lut. Why Love's the germ
Of every sin that stalks upon the earth:
The brawler fights for love—the drunkard drinks
To toast the girl who loves him, or to drown
Remembrance of the girl who loves him not!
The miser hoards his gold to purchase love.
The liar lies to gain, or wealth, or love;
And if for wealth, it is to purchase love.
The very footpad nerves his coward arm
To stealthy deeds of shame by pondering on
The tipsy kisses of some tavern wench!
Be not deceived—this love is but the seed;
The branching tree that springs from it is Hate!

Dar. *(To* Eth.*)* Nay, heed him not. There is a legend here—
An idle tale—that man is infamous,
And he believes it. So, indeed, did we,
Till we beheld you, gallant gentlemen!
Lut. Why, they are raving! Let me go at once
And join my brothers at our monarch's court;
While they are here this is no place for me.
Zay. *(Eagerly to* Sel.*)* Let him depart; then we can summon here
His mortal counterpart, *(Fairies delighted;* Selene *expresses indignant surprise,* Zayda *changes her manner)* a poor frail man
No doubt, who stands in very sorest need
Of such good counsel as we can afford.
Sel. Thou speakest wisely. Lutin, get thee gone.
Eth. Be off at once.
Phy. Begone, thou scurvy knave!
Thy wife shall hear of this—*she'll* punish thee. *(Fairies, Oh! O-h!*
Lut. Oh, moral plague! oh, walking pestilence!
Oh, incarnation of uncleanliness!
You call me knave! Why, harkye men of sin.
You've kings and queens upon that world of yours,
To whom you crawl in apt humility; *(Goes up.*
Well, sir, there's not an emperor on earth
Who would not kiss the dust I tread upon,
And I'm the meanest here. Good-day to you. *(Exit* Lutin, r.

(Fairies retire conversing r. *and* l.*; leaving the four principals in front of stage.*

Eth. *(Following him angrily, is restrained by* Selene.*)* The fellow's crazed—heed not his rhapsodies,
Thou dost not credit him?
Sel. And if I do,
What matters it? Be all he says thou art,
And I will worship thee for being so;
Thou art my faith—whate'er my Ethais does
Is ever hallowed by his doing it;
Thy moral law is mine—for thou art mine:
Rob, and I'll scoff at honor; kill—*I'll* kill;
Be perjured, and I'll swear by perjury;
Ay, be thou false to me, and I'll proclaim
That man forsworn who loves but one alone!
My soul is thine—whate'er my faith may be,
I'll be its herald; if thou hast no faith,
I'll be the high priest of thine unbelief!
Thy wisdom's mine; thy folly's thine—
Eth. Hush! hush!
Why, this is madness!
Sel. Yes, for this is Love!

LEILA *and* NEODIE, R. PHYLLON *and* ZAYDA *embrace,* C. DARINE *and* LOCRINE, L.

SELENE *kneels at* ETHAIS' *feet in front.*

TABLEAU.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Same as Act I.—Sunset.*

DARINE C., ZAYDA L.C., LEILA R.C., LOCRINE R, *other Fairies and* NEODIE L., *discovered anxiously watching the entrance to* SELENE'S *bower,* S.E.L.

Dar. (C.) Still, still Selene watches Ethais!
For six long hours has she detained the knight
Within the dark recesses of her bower,
Under pretense that his unhappy wound
Demands her unremitting watchfulness!
(Indignantly.) This, fairies, is our queen!—the sinless soul
To whose immaculate pre-eminence
We pure and perfect maidens of the air
Accord our voluntary reverence!
Zay. Her conduct is an outrage on her sex!
Was it for *this* that we proposed to her
That we should bring these mortals to our land?
Is *this* the way to teach this erring man
The moral beauties of a spotless life?
To teach him truths that now he wots not of?
Surely this knight might well have learnt on earth
Such moral truths as *she* is teaching him.

Enter SELENE *from bower* L.; DARINE *retires up* C.

Lei. (R.C.) At last she comes! *(To* SELENE.*)* We are well pleased to find
That, after such a lengthy vigil, thou
Canst tear thyself away from Ethais!
Sel. (C.) Yes, dearest sister, he is calmer now.
(To ZAY.*)* Oh! this has been a fearful night for him;
Not for one moment have I left his side!
Zay. Poor Ethais! Believe us, sister dear,
He has our heartfelt pity.
Sel. (DARINE *listens; moves to* R., *ready to exit at end of speech.)* All night long
He tossed and raved in wild delirium;
Shouting for arms, and, as it seemed to me,
Fighting his fight with Phyllon o'er again,
At length, as morning broke, he fell asleep,
And slept in peace till half an hour ago.
I watched him through the long and troubled night,
Fanning the fever from his throbbing brow,
Till he awoke. At first he gazed on me
In silent wonderment; then, suddenly
Seizing my hand, he pressed it to his lips,
And swore that I had saved him from the grave—
Mark that—the grave! I—I had saved his life!
He told me that he loved me—loved me well;
That I was fairer than the maids of earth—
That I had holy angel-eyes, that rained
A gentle pity on his stubborn heart—
(He called it stubborn, for he knew it not);
That I was fairer, in his worldly eyes,
Than all the maids on earth or in the clouds!
(DARINE, *who has listened with intense anxiety to this speech, goes off silently* R., *but in an agony of grief.*
Zay. (L.C., *spitefully.)* Could any words more eloquently show
The recklessness of his delirium?
Sel. *(Surprised.)* Nay, he was conscious then.
Neo. *(Very kindly.)* Of course he was!
No doubt, Selene, thou hast gained his love.
Be happy in it, dearest sister; but
In thy proud triumph, love, pray recollect
He had not seen *us!*
Zoy. Thou hast wisely done
To keep him from *our* sight. Cage thou thy bird,
Or he may fly to fairer homes than thine.
Sel. *(Amazed.)* What mean you, sisters? Nay, turn not away—
What have I done?
Loc. *(Very spitefully.)* Indeed we do not know;

But, lest we should affect his love for thee,
We will at once withdraw. *(Exit* LOCRINE, *bowing ironically,* R.
Lei. *(With freezing politeness.)* Good-day to you! *(Exits* R.
Neo. *(Cross to* R.*)* Good-day! *(Turns to her.)* Good-day!
(Exit R.
Zay. *(Cross to* R.*)* Good-day! *(Turns to her.)* Remember—
cage thy bird! *(Exit* R., *followed by others.*
Sel. *(Looking after them,* R.*)* How strangely are my sisters changed
to me!
Have I done wrong? No, no, I'm sure of that.
The knight was sorely stricken—he had died
But for my willing care. *(Looks into the Bower,* L.*)* Oh! earthly
love,
Thou mighty minister of good or ill,
Is it for good or ill that thou art here?
Art thou an element of happiness,
Or an unwieldy talisman that I,
In heedlessness, have turned against myself?
"He had not seen *them,*"—so my sister spake;
Yes, truly, there are fairer forms thine mine.
He shall *not* see them! Oh! I am unjust.
Hath he not told me that I have his love?
There is no treachery in those brave eyes:
There is no falsehood in that gallant heart!
But still—he had *not* seen them. (ETHAIS *appears at the entrance of bower—watches and listens.)* Oh, for shame!
Can love and doubt reign ever side by side?
No, Ethais, love is the death of doubt.
I love thee, Ethais, and doubt thee not!
Still it were better that he saw but me.

ETHAIS *enters from bower,* L. *He is very pale and weak, and his arm is in a sling.*

Eth. (L.C.) Selene, I am weak—give me thine hand.
Sel. (R.C.) My love, thou shouldst not yet have left thy couch!
Come—thou hast need of rest. *(Takes his hand.*
Eth. *(Disengages.)* No, let me stay.
(Sits C.*)* The air revives me—I am strong again.
(Turns to her; draws her to seat.
And so, thou trustest me?
Sel. In truth I do! *(Sits by his side.*
Although I cannot tell thee whence proceeds
This strange, irrational belief in thee—
Thee, whom I hardly know.
Eth. Is that so strange?
I see no marvel!
Sel. Nay, my love, reflect,
I am a woman, and *thou* art a man;

Well, thou art comely—so, in truth, am I;
We meet and love each other—that's to say,
I am prepared to give up all I have,
My home, my very fairyhood for thee;
Thou to surrender riches, honor, life,
To please the fleeting fancies of my will.
And why?
Because I see in thee, or thou in me,
Astounding virtue, brilliant intellect,
Great self-denial, venerable years,
Rare scholarship, or godly talent? No!
Because, forsooth, we're comely specimens—
Not of our own, but Nature's industry!

Eth. The face is the true index of the mind,
A ready formula, whereby to read
The lesson of a lifetime in a glance.

Sel. *(In wonder.)* Then, Ethais, is perfect comeliness
Always identified with moral worth?

Eth. The comeliest man is the most virtuous—
That's an unfailing rule.

Sel. Then, Ethais,
There is no holier man on earth than thou!
My sisters, Ethais, are sadly changed
By the strange power that emanates from thee.
They love thee as I love thee!

Eth. *(Aside.)* Do they so!
(Rising and moving a little to L.
I'faith they shall not love their love in vain!

Sel. *(Rising.)* I tell thee this that thou mayst shun them, lest
By crafty scheme and subtly planned device,
They steal thee from thy mistress unawares.

Eth. *(Laughing.)* No fear of that! *(Back to* L.C.*)* Laugh all their schemes to scorn,
Treat them with the contempt such jades deserve.
I do not seek *them*.

Sel. Does the miser treat
The thief who seeks his treasure with contempt,
Because his treasure does not seek the thief?
No, Ethais, I'll hide my gold away!
Take thou this ring—it is a pledge of love *(Giving him a ring.*
Wear it until thy love fades from thy soul.

Eth. 'Twill never fade while thou art true to me.

Sel. *(Amazed.)* Are women ever false to such as thou?

Eth. Are women ever true? Well, not to me.
(Aside.) Nor I to them; and so we square accounts!

Sel. Then thou hast been deceived?

Eth. A dozen times.

Sel. How terrible! *(Shudders.*

Eth. Yes, terrible indeed!
(Takes her hand.) Ah, my Selene, picture to thyself
A man—linked for his life to one he loves.
She is his world—she is the breath he breathes;
In his fond eyes the type of purity.
Well, she is false—*all* women are—and then
Come tidings of his shame, the damning words,
"I love another, I have cheated thee."
At first it cannot be, it is a dream;
And when by slow procession, step by step,
He sees in it the *waking* from a dream,
His heavy heart stands still—he dies a death,
A momentary death—to wake again
Into a furious life of hot revenge;
His hand against all men; his maddened tongue
Calling down curses on his cheated self;
On him who stole her love, on all but her
Who has called down this crowning curse on him!
To find *her* love a lie, *her* kiss a jest,
Her cherished bywords a cold mockery—
Oh, there are words
For other agonies, but none for this!

Sel. *(Crosses dreamily to* L., *speaking as if to herself.)* And thou hast suffered this?

Eth. *(Bitterly, and sighing.)* I have indeed!

Sel. *(Turns to him.)* And how long does this bitter anguish last?

Eth. Well, in a very serious case—all night!
Next day a fairer face, a nobler form,
A purer heart, a gentler maidenhood,
Will set him dreaming as he dreamt before
Until the time for waking comes again;
And so the round of love runs through our lives!

Sel. But these are earthly maidens, Ethais—
(Embracing and moving with him towards L.
My love is purer than a mortal's love.

Eth. Thine is no mortal love if it be pure.

Sel. *(Horrified.)* Then, mortal Ethais, what love is thine?

Eth. *(Taken aback.)* I spake of women—men are otherwise.
(Moving towards bower; DARINE *appears, listening, from* R.

Sel. Man's love is pure, invariably?

Eth. Pure?
Pure as thine own!

Sel. Poor, trusting, cheated souls!
(Exeunt together into bower, L.

Re-enter DARINE R.; *she has overheard the last few lines.*

Dar. She leads him willingly into her bower!
(Crosses to the bower and looks after them.

Oh! I could curse the eyes that meet his eyes,
The hand that touches his hand, and the lips
That press his lips! And why? I cannot tell! *(Cross to* R.
Some unknown fury rages in my soul,
A mean and miserable hate of all,

Enter PHYLLON, *unobserved, from behind cut tree.*

Who interpose between my love and me!
What devil doth possess me?
Phy. *(Touching her on the shoulder, she turns and starts.)* Jealousy!
Dar. (R.) Perhaps—what matters how the fiend is called?
Phy. (L.C.) But wherefore art thou jealous? Tell me, now,
Have *I* done aught to cause this jealousy?
Dar. (R.C.) Thou! Dost *thou* love me?
Phy. Love thee? Tenderly!
I love *all* pretty girls *(aside)* on principle.
Dar. But is thy love an all-possessing love?
Mad, reckless, unrestrained, infuriate,
Holding thy heart within its iron grasp,
And pressing passion from its very core?
Phy. *(Surprised.)* Oh, yes!
Dar. Alas! poor stricken, love-sick knight!
Phyllon, my love is such a love as thine,
But it is not for thee! (PHYLLON'S *manner changed.*) Oh, nerve thyself,
I have ill tidings for thee, gentle knight!
I love thee not!
Phy. *(Coldly.)* Indeed?
Dar. Is it not strange?
Phy. Most unaccountable.
Dar. *(Disappointed.)* But tell me now.
Art thou not sorely vexed?
Phy. *(Quietly.)* Unspeakably.
Dar. But thou'lt forgive me? Tell me Phyllon, now,
That I am pardoned!
Phy. That, indeed, thou art.
Dar. *(Hurt.)* Phyllon, hadst thou despised *my* proffered love,
I'd not have pardoned *thee!*
Phy. No—*women* don't.
Dar. *(Impatiently.)* But dost thou understand? I love thee not.
I, whom thou lovest, Phyllon, love thee not—
Nay, more, I love another—Ethais!
Thou hast a rival, and a favored one.
Dost thou not hear me?
Phy. *(Surprised.)* Yes; I'm deeply pained.
Dar. *(Delighted.)* Thou art?
Phy. Of course. What wouldst thou have me do?

Dar. Do? Hurl thyself headlong to yonder earth.
(Points off R., *at back.*
And end at once a life of agony!
Phy. Why should I!
Dar. *Why?* Because I love thee not!
Why if *I* loved and found my love despised,
The universe should ring with my laments;
And were I mortal, Phyllon, as thou art,
I would destroy myself!
Phy. *(Laughs immoderately.)* Ha! ha! If all
Heartbroken lovers took that course, the world
Would be depopulated in a week! *(Cross to* R.
(His laughter subsiding, he banters her.
And so thou lovest Ethais?
Dar. *(Enthusiastically,* L.) I do!
Phy. (R.) But still (I may be wrong) it seems to me
He's taken with Selene—
Dar. *(Furiously.)* Name her not!
He feigns a love he does not feel, because
She is our queen. He dares not anger her!
Phy. But art thou sure of this?
Dar. *(Bitterly.)* Oh! am I sure!
Look in these eyes—they do not burn for *thee;*
Behold this form—that *thou* shalt never clasp—
Gaze on these lips—*thou* shalt not press them, sir!
And tell me, now, that Ethais loves me not!
Oh! had I but the power to heal his wound,
And free him from her hated company!
Phy. Were Lutin here, he would assist thy plan.
Dar. Lutin?
Phy. His henchman, and a cunning leech;
He has a charm—a potent talisman—
A panacea that will heal all wounds;
Fetch him, and Ethais is healed again. *(Moves to* R.
Dar. *(Aside.)* The gods have heard me! *(Aloud, suddenly.)*
Oh; insensate knight,
Thou counselest me how to gain his love;
And yet thou lovest me?
Phy. Oh, pardon me,
That was ten minutes since—an age ago! *(Exit* R.
Dar. *(Looks into bower,* L.) Here comes the miserable, mincing jade,
With a fair speech upon her lying lips,
To meet the sister whom her base-born arts
Have robbed of more than life! Oh, hypocrite! *(Cross to* R.

Enter SELENE, *from bower,* L.

Sel. Darine!

Dar. *(Changing her manner, and going to her* C.*)* My sister—my beloved one,
Why, thou art sad; thine eyes are dim with tears!
Say, what hath brought thee grief?
Sel. *(With great joy,* L.C.*)* Darine, my own.
Thou dost not shun me, then?
Dar. *(Aside,* R.C.*)* Oh, hypocrite!
(Aloud.) Shun thee, my own Selene? No—not I!
Sel. Bless thee for that! I feared to meet thy face,
For all my loved companions turned from me
With scornful jest and bitter mockery.
Thou—thou—Darine, alone art true to me!
Dar. True to Selene while Selene breathes!
Come—tell me all thy woes.
Sel. My Ethais—
He whom I love so fondly—he is ill,
And I am powerless to heal his wound.
Darine, my love may die!
Dar. What can be done?
Oh, I would give my fairyhood to save
The man thou lovest so—my dearly loved!
But stay, the counterpart of Lutin is
At once his henchman and his cunning leech;
Lutin has left our sphere, *(plucking rose from tree)* cast this to earth,
(Giving it.
And summon mortal Lutin to his aid.
He hath a charm to heal thy lover's wound.
Sel. Kind heaven reward thee for thy ready wit,
My sister, thou hast saved both him and me!
My darling sister! *(Embracing her.*
Dar. *(Aside.)* Oh, thou hypocrite!
Sel. Fair rose, I name thee Lutin, go to earth,
And hither send the mortal counterpart
Of him whose name thou hast, and may the gods
Prosper thy mission! *(Throws the rose to the ground.)* Kiss me, dear Darine, *(Kissing her.*
For thou hast saved my Ethais for me! *(Exit* SELENE *into bower.*
Dar. No, not for thee, good sister, for myself! *(Exit* DARINE R.

Hurried music. Enter MORTAL LUTIN *over edge of precipice, staggering on the stage as if violently impelled from below.*

Lut. (C.) What ho! help! help! *(Twirls round.)* Where am I? Not on earth,
For I remember that a friendly cloud
Enveloped me, and whirled me through the air,
Just as my fair, but able-bodied, wife,
Began to lay my staff about my ears!

Enter NEODIE, LEILA, LOCRINE, *and others*, R. LOCRINE *crosses behind to* L.

Can this be death, and has she killed me? *(Sees them.)* Well,
If I *be* dead, and if this *be* the place
In which I'm doomed to expiate my sins, ...
Taking my sins all round, I'm bound to say .....
It might have been considerably worse!
Loc. *(Approaching him* L., *with great delight.)* Why, this is Lutin's mortal counterpart!
Neo. (R.C.) How quaint! How gloriously rugged?
Lei. (R.) Yes!
Such character and such expression!
All. *(Admiring him.)* Yes!
Lut. (L.C.) By some mistake my soul has missed its way
And slipped into Mahomet's Paradise!
Neo. No, this is fairyland. See, there's the earth
From which we summoned thee. *(Points off* R., *at back.)* These are the clouds.
Thou art not angry with us?
Lut. Angry? No!
I'm very well up here!
Loc. Then thou shalt stay!
Neo. Oh, tell me, are there many men on earth
As fair and pleasant to the eye as thou?
Lut. Not many, though I have met one or two
Who run me pretty close.
Neo. Tell us their names.
Lut. Well, let me see, Sir Phyllon has been thought
A personable man; then Ethais
He's fairly well.
Neo. But these are *handsome* men.—
We love thee for thy rugged homely face;
Oh, we are sated with mere comeliness,
We have so much of that up here! *(Rises.)* I love
A homely face!
Lut. I quite agree with you.
What do a dozen handsome men imply?
A dozen faces cast in the same mold,
A dozen mouths all lip for lip the same.
A dozen noses all of equal length?
But take twelve plain men, and the element
Of picturesque variety steps in,
You get at once unlooked-for hill and dale—
Odd curves and unexpected points of light,
Pleasant surprises—quaintly broken lines;
All very pleasant, whether seen upon
The face of nature or the face of man.

Enter ZAYDA, R.

Loc. But stay—thou shouldst be faint, for lack of food!
(Cross behind to R.
Neo. Nay, let me minister unto his wants! *(Cross to* R.
Zay. *(Cross to* C.*)* Then go, beloved sisters, gather fruits.
And bring them here to him. Such frugal fare
Will have a daintier flavor than its own
When served by such fair hands! *(Kissing them.*
(Exeunt LOCRINE, NEODIE, LEILA, *and others,* R.
Zay. *(Suddenly,* C.*)* We are alone!
One word of caution—shun my sisters all!
Lut. *(Pointing* R.*)* Are all those lovely girls your sisters?
Zay. Yes;
Rejoice that they are not thine own.
Lut. (L.C.) I do.
I very much prefer them as they are! *(Sits and yawns.*
You're a fine family.
Zay. Fair to the eye;
But take good heed—they are not what they seem!
Locrine, the fair, the beautiful Locrine,
Is the embodiment of avarice!
She seeks your gold.
Lut. I'm much obliged to her;
I'll give her half she finds and thank her too! *(Stretches his arms.*
Zay. Darine is vain beyond comparison;
Neodie is much older than she looks;
Camilla hath defective intellect;
Ena's a bitter shrew; Colombe's a thief;
And, last and worst of all—I blush to own,
Our queen Selene hath a tongue that stabs—
A traitor-tongue, that serves no better end
Than wag a woman's character away!
Lut. I've stumbled into pretty company!
It seems you fairies have your faults! *(Reclines on seat.*
Zay. Alas!
All but myself. *My* soul is in my face;
I—only I—am what I seem to be;
I—only I—am worthy to be loved;
(Confidentially.) If thou wilt love me I will dower thee
With wealth untold, long years and happy life,
Thou gallant churl—thou highly polished boor—
Thou pleasant knave—thou strange epitome
Of all that's rugged, quaint and picturesque;
Lut. You don't take long in coming to the point.
Zay. Forgive my clumsy and ill chosen words;
We gentle, simple fairies never loved
Until to-day.

Lut. And when you *do* begin,
You fairies make up for the time you've lost!

LOCRINE, NEODIE, LEILA *and the Fairies enter* R., *with fruit. He sits up. They group about him.*

Neo. (L.C.) Hast thou a wife?
Lut. (C.) Well yes,—that is—down there—
(Points off and down R.
Up here I am a bachelor—as yet.
Zay. (Offended, R.C.*)* As yet! Be good enough to recollect
That we are good, and pure, and maidenly—
So prithee guard that errant tongue of thine.
Loc. (R.) And does she love thee? (LEILA L.
Lut. Humph—we *do* fall out—
We did to-day.
Neo. And how came that about? *(All anxious to know.*
Lut. Why thus—to tell the truth—between ourselves—
There was a lady in the case.
Zay. (Apart, much shocked.) Hush—hush—
Confine thyself to matters that relate
To thine own sex. Thy master, Ethais—
He fought with Phyllon—what was that about?
Lut. Oh, it's the old, old story!
Loc. Tell it.
Lut. Well,
There was a lady in the case!
Zay. Then, stop—
Go on to something else—Where wast thou born?
Lut. Why, in Bulgaria—some years ago—
(Whispering.) There was a lady in *that* case!
Zay. (Severely.) It seems
There is a lady, sir, in every case.
Lut. In all these cases they *do* interfere!

Enter DARINE, *unobserved,* R. *She remains a little at back.*

Loc. And, Lutin, is thy wife as fair as thou?
Lut. I thought her pretty till I looked on thee.
Zay. Her hair?
Lut. Is bright—but not as bright as thine.
Loc. Her figure?
Lut. Neat and graceful of its kind,
But lacks thy pleasant plumpness. Then, besides,
She has a long loud tongue, and uses it—
A stout and heavy hand—and uses that;
And large expressive eyes—and uses *them!*
Zay. And does she know that thou art here with us?
Lut. No—that's the joke! No—that's the best of it!

The gods forbid she ever should know *that!*
She is so plaguey jealous!
Loc. Is she so?
How is the lady called?
Lut. Her name's Darine.
Dar. *(Coming forward,* L.C.*)* So I have found thee, Lutin.
Lut. *(Aghast,* C.*)* Can it be?
My wife!
Zay. (R.C.) Thy wife? This is Darine!
Lut. I know!
(They detain him.) Be quiet—don't—oblige me—let me go!
(To DARINE.*)* Do not suppose, my love, that these bold girls
Are friends of mine.
Dar. *(To* LUTIN.*)* Come, I would speak with thee—
Lut. Allow me to explain.
Dar. Attend to me.
Say, dost thou love thy master, Ethais?
Lut. My master? Yes, most surely!
Dar. *(Earnestly.)* So do I!
Madly, unreasonably, recklessly. (LUTIN *much taken aback.*
Love him with all the passion of a heart
That love has never kindled till to-day!
Thou, only thou, canst help me, noble sir.
The gods, the gods have sent thee to my aid!
Lut. Have they? In doing so the gods have not
Displayed their usual talent for intrigue.
O, thou abandoned woman!
Dar. Hear me, sir!
My Ethais is wounded in the arm,
Thou hast a remedy of wondrous power,
A charmed remedy. Give it to me,
That I may work his cure.
Lut. Upon my soul,
Cure *him* for *thee!* This is a cool request!
Dar. But why not heal thy master's wound?
Lut. Because,
Under the circumstances, I prefer
My master wounded to my master well,
For when he's well, he's very well indeed!
(Aside.) But stay—here is an essence that will drown
His soul in sleep till I awaken him. *(Taking bottle from pocket.*
Shall I? I will! He'll be much safer so!
(Aloud.) There, take the charm, and heal thy Ethais!
Dar. A thousand thanks! Now he indeed is mine! *(Cross to* L.
Lut. Oh! this is inconceivable! Come here, *(Fairies advance* R.
D'ye see these maidens, madam? Hitherto
Thou hast been jealous, but without good cause;
But now I'll give thee cause for jealousy;

I'll pass my time with them —d'ye hear? with them—
They're very pleasant, unaffected girls;
I like them very much, and they like me—
I'll play the very devil with their hearts,
And let them play the very deuce with mine!
Dar. (L.) Do so; I'll not detain thee from thy loves—
See how impatiently they wait for thee;
Go—while the happy hours away with them.
Lut. (C.) Is this thy jealousy, abandoned girl? *(Fairies* R.
Dar. (Surprised.) Jealous of thee? Good sir, I love thee not!
Lut. You don't!
Dar. No, no—I love Sir Ethais;
And when I've healed his wound, sheer gratitude
Will wake *his* soul to love!
Lut. If he drinks that
Sheer gratitude won't wake him. After all
(Looking at Fairies R., *who are endeavoring to persuade him to accompany them.*
Six pretty Zaydas to one Ethais—
He fast asleep, and they all wide awake,
Egad, I've six to one the best of that! *(Exeunt* LUTIN *and Fairies,* R.
Dar. He comes! At last I shall behold my love!

Enter ETHAIS, *from bower,* L.

(Tenderly.) How fares Sir Ethais?
Eth. (L.C.) Why grievously.
I am no leech, and cannot dress my wound,
I'm sick and faint from pain and loss of blood.
Dar. (R.C., *aside.)* How shall I work my end? I have a plan!
Oh, powers of impudence defend me now!
(Aloud.) Sir Ethais, if Phyllon's words be true,
Thy wound is but a scratch.
Eth. A scratch, forsooth!
The devil's nails could hardly scratch so deep.
Dar. He says—I don't believe him—but he *says*
That thou hast magnified its character,
Because thou fearest to renew the fight.
He *says* thou art a coward!
Eth. (Furiously.) By my blood,
He shall atone for that! Did he say this
To thee?
Dar. Ay, sir, to me—a minute since.
Eth. Oh, Phyllon! Coward? Why, a dozen times
We two have fought our battles side by side,
And I'm to quail and blanch, forsooth, because
We two, at last, are fighting face to face?
Oh, curses on the wound! Were Lutin here,
My sword-arm soon would be in gear again.

Dar. Lutin *is* here. .....
Eth. *(Amazed.)* Here? Lutin?
Dar. Yes. Behold! *(Shows flask.*
I have obtained this precious charm from him.
Now, knight, to prove thy mettle!
Eth. *(Furiously.)* Give it me—
Give me the flask!
Dar. One moment, Ethais.
This flask is precious, and it hath a price.
Eth. Name thou thy price, and I will give it thee.
Take money, jewels, armor, all I have,
So that thou leavest me one trusty sword!
Dar. No, Ethais, I do not want thy wealth,
I want thy love—yes, Ethais, thy love;
That priceless love that thou hast lavished on
My worthless sister.
Eth. On Selene?
Dar. Yes,
Thou lovest her—and dost thou think that I
Will save thy life for her?
Eth. Se'ene? Bah!
True, she is fair. Well, thou art also fair.
What does it matter—her fair face or thine?
What matters either face—or hers or thine—
When weighed against this outrage on my fame?
Dar. Give me this ring, and thou shalt have the charm.
Eth. 'Tis thine. *(Gives the ring to* DARINE.*)* And now, Sir Phyllon, take good heed! *(Retire up* C.

Enter SELENE, *from bower,* L.

Sel. (L.C.) Darine! Thou here, alone with Ethais!
No, no. I will not doubt—
Dar. (R.C.) Doubt whom thou wilt!
Thou hypocrite! thou shameless hypocrite!
Thou wretched victim of thine own designs.
Sel. Darine, what dost thou mean?

Re-enter all the Fairies, R.

Dar. Doubt all of us,
For we are false to thee as thou to us.
I am as thou hast made me, hypocrite!
Sel. Thou art to me as thou hast ever been,
Most dearly loved of all these dearly loved.
Dar. Away! *(Cross to* L.*)* Thou art the source of all our ill;
For though we counseled thee to do the deed
That brought this blight upon our innocence,
'Twas but a test, and thou hast bent to it!

Zay. (R.C.) Oh, miserable woman, get thee hence!
Thou art no queen of ours!
Loc. (R.) Away with her!
Down with the traitress queen!
(SELENE *turns from one to another—all turn away from her.*
Sel. So let it be.
Yes, thou hast rightly said—I had a trust.
I have forsaken it. Through my default,
The taint of earth has fallen on our land.
Mine was the sin—be mine the punishment.
Well-loved Darine, take thou this diadem:
Wear it more worthily than I. *(Places her coronet on* DARINE.*)* Behold
How royally it rests upon her brow!
My gentle sisterhood, behold your queen! *(Fairies bow.*
Let her fair face and form untainted yet
By the iniquity of my default,
Recall the loved Darine of yesterday—
The gentle, loving, maidenly Darine—
Who would have been that loved Darine to-day,
But for my erring deed. Oh, shame on me!
Thou art as I have made thee. Who am I
That I should judge my sister? I am loved;
But had I lost that love, should I have borne
My loss more patiently than thou? Alas!
Thou, I, and all, are now as mortals are. (ETHAIS *comes down* R.C.
Dar. So may I fall if I forsake my trust.
Thy punishment is just. Thou wast a queen—
What art thou now?
Sel. I have a kingdom yet!
I have a kingdom here—in Ethais' heart.
A kingdom? Nay, a world—my world—my world!
A world where all is pure, and good, and brave;
A world of noble thought and noble deed;
A world of brave and gentle chivalry;
A very goodly and right gallant world;—
This is my kingdom—for I am its queen! *(Embrace* ETHAIS.
Dar. Thou art no queen of his, for he is mine.
Aye, by the token that thou gavest him, *(Shows ring.*
Thou fond and foolish maiden!
Sel. *(Looking at it.)* No, no, no!
It is a counterfeit—no, no, Darine!
The punishments of Heaven are merciful.
(Takes ETHAIS' *hand to kiss it; she sees that the ring is not there.*
Oh, Ethais!
Is that the ring with which I plighted thee?
Eth. (R.C.) Ay, that's the bauble. I have naught to say,
Sel. *(To* DARINE.*)* It fell from him—where didst thou find it, speak?

Eth. I sold it for a charm that I might have
An arm to flog a lying cur withal;
A traitor devil, whose false breath had blurred
My knightly honor, dearer to my heart
Than any love of woman—hers or thine!
I had no choice—my honor was at stake.
Sel. Thine honor! Thou dost well to speak of that.
Can devils take the face and form of gods?
Are truth and treachery so near akin
That one can wear the other's countenance?
Are all men such as thou? Or art thou not
Of thine accursed race the most accursed?
Why, honorable sir, thou art a knight
That wars with womankind! Thy panoply
A goodly form, smooth tongue, and fair false face.
Thy shield a lie; thy weapon an embrace;
The emblem of thy skill a broken heart!
Thine is a gallant calling, Ethais—
Thou manly knight—thou soul of chivalry—
Thou most discreet and prudent warrior!
(He approaches her.) Away, and touch me not! My nature's gone.
May Heaven rain down her fury on thy soul!
May every fiber in that perjured heart
Quiver with love for one who loves thee not!
May thine untrammeled soul at last be caught,
And fixed and chained and riveted to one
Who, with the love of heaven upon her lips,
Carries the hate of hell within her heart!
(ETHAIS *appeals to her in dumb show,*
Thou phantom of the truth—thou mimic god—
Thou traitor to thine own unhappy soul—
Thou base apostate to the lovely faith,
That thou hast preached with such false eloquence.
I am thine enemy. (ETHAIS *turns up stage dejectedly.* *To her sisters.*)
Look on your work,
My gentle sisters. *(They look in horror.)* Are ye not content?
Behold! I am a devil, like yourselves!

SIR ETHAIS, *up stage.*

Fairies.

SELENE. C.

LEILA.

NEODIE. F.

LOCRINE.

DARINE, *defiant,* L.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Same as Acts I. and II.—Moonlight.*

LUTIN *discovered sitting* C., *in deep dejection.* ZAYDA *is at his feet trying to arouse him.* ETHAIS *is lying insensible on a bank at entrance to bower* L., *covered with a mantle.*

Zay. (R.C.) Come, Lutin, speak to me—for hours in vain
I've sought to wean thee from thine inner self;
I've sung in vain to thee—thou wilt not sing—
Lut. (C.) I cannot sing.
Zay. Or dance?
Lut. I do not dance.
Zay. Then let us float on yonder silver stream
(They rise and come down.
Or plunge headlong into its mossy depths,
And wander, hand in hand, from grot to grot;
Or, if thou wilt, I'll whirl thee through the air,
And light with thee on yon tall pinnacle.
Come, Lutin—take my hand, and we'll away!
Lut. Don't be ridiculous! *(Turns away.)* I do not fly!
You're very good—you mean it well, I know—
But I've no taste for such alarming joys.
I can't help thinking of my lost Darine,
She was so much too good for me, and now
I am so much too good for her!
Zay. Alas!
Dost thou love *her?*
Lut. I can't help loving her.
Zay. Dismiss the worthless creature from thy thoughts.
I know her well—she don't deserve thy love!
She always was a very wicked girl.
Lut. Wicked? The best of women!
Zay. *(Maliciously.)* So she *seemed.*
Lut. She had her faults, I know.
Zay. She hath a soul
In which hypocrisy, intemperance,
Hate, envy, vanity, untruthfulness
Run riot at their will!
Lut. *(Astonished.)* You don't say so?
I'd no idea of this— *(Weeping.*
Zay. As for her crimes—
Lut. Tell me the worse at once!
Zay. The worst? No, that
Would be *too* cruel—but—bigamy's the best!

Lut. What! Bigamy! Has she *two* husbands, then?
Zay. Two? Half-a-dozen!
Lut. What!
Zay. Why even now
She seeks to add a seventh to her list!
Sir Ethais—?
Lut. Ah, there I've thwarted her.
Enter DARINE, R., *who crosses behind to* ETHAIS L. *She overhears what follows.*
I have a potion that will heal his wounds;
She begged it of me, but I cheated her,
And put into her hands a sleeping draught.
By this time he's as helpless as the dead,
And she may shout until she wakes the dead,
Before she wakes him!
(DARINE *comes forward.* *Exit* ZAYDA R., *in terror.*
Dar. *(Down* L.C.*)* Why, thou envious churl—
Thou wanton trifler with the purest fire
That ever burnt in love-sick woman's breast,
Why hast thou done this thing?
(As DARINE *advances,* LUTIN *retreats into* R. *corner.*
Lut. *(Aside.)* She does not quail
Beneath her injured Lutin's outraged eye,
(DARINE *goes up to* ETHAIS *at* L. *bower.*
But calmly asks him why he's done this thing!
Dar. *(Turns to* LUTIN, R*)* Say, is he dead? Come—answer quickly!
Lut. (R.) Well,
He's dead to all intents and purposes.
Dar. How has he injured thee?
Lut. He hasn't as yet;
(Aside.) And I'll take care he don't!
Dar. Oh, misery!
In half-an-hour my brothers will be here;
In half-an-hour he must return to earth!
(Referring to ETHAIS *and going to him* L.
Awake, insensate knight—arouse thee, dolt!
I—I, Darine, am waiting here for thee.
Dost thou not hear me? Ethais, awake!
Lut. Oh—shout away!
Dar. I will be revenged!
(To LUTIN.*)* I know not why thou wages bitter war
Against my unoffending happiness;
But I will thwart thy schemes. Sir Phyllon comes!
Enter SIR PHYLLON, R.
Come hither, Phyllon—come to me, fair knight!
(PHYLLON *crosses to* C.

Say, dost thou love me still?
Phy. Indeed I do!
Dar. (*To* LUTIN.) Thou hearest him—he *loves* me!
(*To* PHYLL.) Tenderly?
Phy. (R.C.) Most tenderly! (*Embracing her.*
Dar. (L.C.) He loves *most* tenderly!
He is awake!
Lut. (R.) Yes, much too wide awake!
Disreputable woman, let him be!
Unhand this lady!
Dar. Why, thou selfish knave,
May I love nobody on earth but *thee?* (*Cross to* LUTIN, R.
Lut. Of course you may not!
Dar. (R.C.) Go, sir, get thee gone?
There are fair maids enough awaiting thee;
I do not interfere 'twixt thee and them.
Lut. Well no, to do you justice, you do *not!*
I do not want them. I'm a married man!
What married man cares twopence for intrigues
At which his wife connives?
Phy. (C.) Is this thy wife?
Lut. I blush to say she is!
Dar. (*Amazed.*) I am thy wife!
Oh, monstrous! Stay, there has been some mistake,
Some dreadful error! See, I've found a clew!
No doubt I am her fairy prototype.
In face resembling her, but that is all.
Lut. Then thou art *not* my wife?
Dar. Not I, indeed! (LUTIN *kisses her.*
I am a fairy. Be thou reassured;
Thy wife is on the earth—(*kisses her again*)—Give me the charm
To cure my Ethais, and sit thee down, (*He gives it to her.*
And I will send for Zayda and Locrine,
And thou shalt talk of love to both of them. (*Cross to* ETHAIS *at bower.*
Lut. Well no—upon the whole—I'd rather not.
(DARINE *administers the potion to* ETHAIS, *who gradually revives as* LUTIN *nears the termination of the following speech.*
I have reformed, Darine, and had I not,
I don't think I could talk to them of love
With all the eloquence the theme deserves,
In the distracting company of one,
Who, if she's not in point of fact my wife,
Is so uncomfortably like my wife,
That she may be my wife for aught I know;
And more than that, I can't stand tamely by
And notice with uninterested gaze
A lady, who's so very like my wife,

Hanging on everybody's neck but mine.
Don't send for Zayda—I'm a married man! *(Exit* R.
Dar. (L. C.) He wakes! He lives—my own, own Ethais!
Eth. (L., awaking.) Why—where am I? Have I then been asleep?
Dar. Indeed thou hast! See, thou must soon return
To yonder earth—*(Points below* R.*)*—I've much to say to thee.
Eth. But how came I to sleep? I recollect! *(Looks around.*
Thou gavest me a potion, and I—*(Sees* PHYLLON.*)*—Ha!
(Flies at his throat.
(C.) So I'm a cur, Sir Liar, and my wound
Is but a scratch which I have magnified
That I might shun the terrors of thy sword!
Phy. (R. C.) Hands off, thou drunken madman! Set me free.
I never said these things!
Eth. Thou craven cur,
Dost thou then fear to reap before my face
The crop that thou hast sown behind my back?
Thy life shall pay for this!
Phy. (Contemptuously.) I am not wont
To weigh the words I speak to such as thou.
No need to taint *thine* honor with a lie.
Why, Ethais, the truth is black enough;
I know thee as a brawling tavern bully,
A hollow friend—a cruel unsparing foe—
A reckless perjurer—a reprobate—
The curse of woman and the scourge of man! *(Shaking him off.*
Is not the *truth* enough, that I should grudge
The one brute-virtue of thy satyr-soul—
The instinct courage of a hungry dog!
Eth. (With suppressed fury.) I'll place these charges to the long account
That I've to settle when we go below!
(To DAR.*)* Didst thou not tell me he had said these things?
Dar. (L.) I did, indeed!
Phy. (Cross to C.*)* And by what warrant, pray?
Dar. (Takes PHYLLON'S *hand.)* It was an artifice to gain thy love.
(To ETHAIS.*)* Has man monopoly of lover's lies?
Forgive me, Phyllon—
Phy. Bah? Release my hand,
Thou shameless woman—*(Shakes her off and cross to* R.*)*—I have done with thee. *(Exit* PHYLLON, R.
Dar. (L.) Oh! Ethais, be not enraged with me—
Think of my love— *(Takes his hand.*
Eth. (R., shakes hand.) The devil take thy love—
I'll none of it! Begone! See, *(looks off* L., *cross to* L.*)* hither comes
The woman that thy bitter lie hath wronged.
Hast thou the heart to stand before her?
Dar. No! *(Exit* R.

Enter SELENE, *from bower*, L.

Sel. (L.C.) Thou here? and with Darine!
Eth. (R.C.) Stay, hear me out!
It's true I've trifled with thy love, but then
Thy love is not as mortal woman's love.
I did not know that it would move thee thus?
Sel. Thou didst not know!
Art thou so dull that thou canst understand
No pain that is not wreaked upon *thy* frame?
Hast thou no knowledge of the form of woe
That comes of cheated hopes and trampled hearts?
To find *thy* love a lie, *thy* kiss a jest,
The bywords of *thy* love a mockery?
Oh, there are words
For other agonies, but none for this!
Eth. Nay, hear me! I have wronged thee bitterly—
I will atone for all!
Sel. Thou shalt atone;
I'll be the curse of thy remaining years!
Harkye, Sir Knight, I'll yield my fairyhood
That I may go to yonder earth and join
The whispering sisterhood of hidden hate.
The busy band who bear within their lips
The deadliest weapon of earth's armory:
A blighting tongue—a woman's blighting tongue!
I will so deftly wield this talisman
To twist and turn and torture good to ill,
That were it in thee to amend thy ways,
Turn anchorite, and yield to holy deeds
Of peace and prayer, goodwill and charity,
Thy holiness should seem an infamy,
Thy peace a war, thy charity a theft,
Thy calm a fury, and thy prayer a curse!
Eth. Stay thine unholy tongue—go thou to earth,
And learn that that which thou hast undergone—
All women undergo.
Sel. Am I as they?
I am immortal. Can a few brief years
Of bitter shame and bitter sorrow weigh
Against an immortality of woe?
A mortal's love is framed to last a life.
But my love to outlive eternity,
Blind mortal, as Eternity to Time—
So is my wrong to theirs!

Enter LOCRINE *and* NEODIE, *from* R.

Loc. (R.C.) Selene, see,

Through the far distant air, with rapid flight,
Our absent brothers wing their way to us ;

Enter ZAYDA *and* LUTIN, R.

These mortals must return to their own earth !
Lut. (R.) Now by my head, but this is welcome news !
Zay, (R., horrified.) Return to earth ? No, Lutin ; no, not yet.
Life without Lutin ! what can that be worth ?
Lut. I cannot tell you for I never tried.

Enter DARINE *and* PHYLLON, *struggling, at back.*

Nay, seek not to detain me ; I have had
Enough of fairy love—I seek my wife.
Phy. (C.) Come, Ethais ; to earth, to earth again !
Dar. (C., releasing him.) Ay, go, and take thy fellowman with thee. (LUTIN *and* PHYLLON *descend* C.
We want but this to crown our misery !
(ETHAIS, *about to follow him, is detained by* SELENE.
Sel. (Suddenly.) No ! no ! Thou shalt not go, thou shalt not go !
My hope—my shattered hope ; but still, my hope !
My love—my blighted love ; but still, my love !
My life—my ruined life ; but still, my life !
Forgive me, Ethais : thou hast withdrawn
The very core and substance of thy love.
No matter ! give me but the empty husk,
And it will stay the famine of my heart.
I'll work and toil for thee—I'll be thy slave,
Thine humble, silent, and submissive slave ;
I'll come but at thy beck—I will not speak,
But at thy word—my Ethais ! my love ! *(They struggle to* C.
(Furiously.) Nay, but I'll hold thee back ! I have the strength
Of fifty women ! See, thou canst not go ! *(With passionate triumph.*
Nay, but I'll *wrest* thy love away from thee,
And fetter it in bondage to my heart.
I will be one with thee ; I'll cling to thee,
And thou *shalt* take me to that world of thine.
Eth. Take *thee* to earth ? I love the earth too well
To curse it with another termagent.
We have enough of them ! Release me, fool !
Man hath no appetite for proffered love !
Away from me, I go to that good world
Where women are not devils till they die !
(Throws off SELENE, *who falls senseless* C. *He leaps through cloud* C. *and descends. As* ETHAIS *disappears, the fairies, who have grouped themselves about the stage in attitudes of despair, gradually seem to waltz as from a dream.*
Sel. (C.) Where am I ? Zayda ! Neodie ! Darine !
Oh, sisters, I am waking from a dream—

A fearful dream—a dream of evil thoughts,
Of mortal passion and of mortal hate,
I thought that Ethais and Phyllon too
Had gone to mid-earth—
Zay, (R.C.) Nay, it was no dream,
A sad and sorrowful reality!
Yes, we have suffered much—but, Heaven be praised,
These mortal souls have gone to their own earth,
And taken with them the bad influence
That spread like an infection through our ranks.
See! we are as we were! *(Embracing her* C.
Sel. Darine! Darine!
My well-beloved sister—speak to me!
Dar. I dare not speak to thee—I have no words—
I am ashamed.
Sel. Oh, sister, let that shame
Sit heavily on all—for all have sinned.
Oh, let us lay this lesson to our hearts;
Let us achieve our work with humbled souls,
Free from the folly of self-righteousness.
Behold, is there so wide a gulf between
The humbled wretch who, being tempted, falls,
And that good man who rears an honored head
Because temptation hath not come to him?
Shall we, from our enforced security,
Deal mercilessly with poor mortal man,
Who struggles, single-handed, to defend
The demon-leaguered fortress of his soul?
Shall we not rather (seeing how we fell)
Give double honor to the champion, who
Throughout his mortal peril, holds his own,
E'en though
His walls be somewhat battered in the fight?
Oh let us lay this lesson to our hearts!

Enter LUTIN, *from opening in clouds and rocks at back, followed by* ETHAIS *and* PHYLLON, *as fairies.*

Lut. Your brothers have returned. *(Crosses to* R. *corner.*
Sel. (C., *embracing* ETHAIS.) My Ethais!
Eth. (L.C.) Selene—sisters all—rejoice with us,
We bear the promise of a priceless gift,
A source of new and endless happiness! *(All eager to know.*
Take every radient blessing that adorns
Our happy land, and all will pale before
The luster of this precious privilege.
It is—that we may love as mortals love!
Sel. (Eagerly.) No, no—not that—no Ethais—not that!
It is a deadly snare—beware of it!

Such love is for mankind, and not for us;
It is the very essence of the earth,
A mortal emblem, bringing in its train
The direst passions of its antitype.
No, Ethais—we will not have this love;
Let us glide through our immortality
Upon the placid lake of sister-love,
Nor tempt the angry billows of a sea,
Which, though it carry us to unknown lands,
Is so beset with rocks and hidden shoals,
That we may perish ere our vessel reach
The unsafe haven of its distant shore.
No, Ethais—we will not have this love!

Disposition of the Characters.

LUTIN. R. NEODIE. R. C. ZANDA. PHYLLON. C. SELENE. ETHAIS. L. C. DARINE. LOCHINE. L.

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65 Dixie.
66 King Cuffee.
67 Old Zip Coon.
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70 Gallus Jake.
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75 Mysterious Stranger.
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87 Jube Hawkins
88 De Darkey's Dream.
89 Chris Johnson.
90 Scipio Africanus.
91 De Ghost ob Bone Squash.
92 De Darkey Tragedian.
93 Possum Fat.
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